

THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN

Pledged to the cause of Temperance.

TRI-WEEKLY.

Containing Articles, original and selected, on every subject calculated to interest, instruct, and benefit its readers.

VOLUME I.

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THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN,
Three times a week, on a super-royal sheet.
It will be delivered to subscribers in the District, at two cents per number, payable weekly.

To distant subscribers it will be mailed at Two Dollars and fifty cents per year, payable in advance.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square of 14 lines, one insertion,	37
two insertions	60
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two weeks	1 25
one month	1 50
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While the "COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN" will be devoted to the cause of Temperance, its columns will be enriched by original articles on subjects calculated to interest, instruct, and benefit its readers. It is intended so to blend variety, amusement, and instruction, as that the various tastes of its patrons may be (as far as it is practicable) gratified. Commerce, Literature, and Science, and every other subject of interest, not inconsistent with Temperance and morality, will receive the earnest attention of the publishers. Nothing of a sectarian, political, or personal character will be admitted.

OPINIONS OF GREAT MEN.

Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him, and maketh him drunken.—*Holy writ.*

No proposition seems to me susceptible of more satisfactory demonstration than this—and I am sure no person can give it one hour's serious thought without assenting to it—that, in the present state of information on this subject, no man can think to act on Christian principles, or do a patriot's duty to his country, and at the same time make or sell the instrument of intoxication.—*Henry Ware, Jr.*

Can it be right for me to derive a living from that which is debasing the minds and ruining the souls of others, or that which is destroying forever the happiness of the domestic circle, and which is filling the land with women and children in a condition far more deplorable than that of widows and orphans; or which is causing nine-tenths of all the crimes, or nine-tenths of all the paupers in the community.—*Francis Wayland.*

I am deeply convinced that the evils of intemperance can never cease, till the virtuous in society shall unite in pronouncing the man who attempts to accumulate wealth by dealing out poison and death to his neighbor, as infamous.—*John Pierpont.*

I challenge any many who understands the nature of ardent spirit, and for the sake of gain continues to be engaged in the traffic, to show that he is not involved in the guilt of murder.—*Lyman Beecher.*

They who keep these fountains of pollution and crime open, are sharers, to no small extent, in the guilt which flows from them. They command the gateway of that mighty flood which is spreading desolation through the land, and are chargeable with the present and everlasting consequences, no less than the infatuated victim who throws himself upon the bosom of the burning torrent, and is borne by it into the gulf of woe.—*Samuel Spring.*

Say not "I will sell by the large quantity—I have no tippers about me, and therefore am not guilty." You are the chief man in this business, the others are only subalterns. You are a "poisoner general."—*Wilbur Fisk, D. D.*

The men who traffic in ardent spirit, and sell to all who will buy, are poisoners general; they murder his majesty's subjects by wholesale; neither does their eye pity nor spare. And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who will envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them. The curse of God is on their gardens, their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood is there; the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood.—*John Wesley.*

It is a principle in law, that the perpetrator of crime, and the accessory to it, are both guilty, and deserving of punishment. Men have been hanged for the violation of this principle. It applies to the law of God. And as the drunkard cannot go to heaven, can drunkard makers? Are they not, when tried by the principles of the Bible, in view of the developments of Providence, manifestly immoral men?—men who, for the sake of money, will knowingly be instrumental in corrupting the character, increasing the diseases, and destroying the lives of their fellow men.

Not only murderers, but those who excite others to commit murder, and furnish the known cause of their evil deeds, will, if they understand what they do, and continue to rebel against God, be shut out of heaven.—*Justin Edwards, D. D.*

You create paupers, and lodge them in your almshouse—orphans, and give them a residence in your asylum—convicts, and send them to your penitentiary. You seduce men to crime, and then arraign them at the bar of justice—innate them

in prison. With one hand you thrust the dagger to the heart—with the other attempt to assuage the pain it causes.—*Dr. Thomas Sewall.*

You are filling your almshouses, and jails, and penitentiaries, with victims loathsome and burdensome to the community. You are engaged in a business which is compelling your fellow citizens to pay taxes to support the victims of your employment. You are filling up these abodes of wretchedness and guilt, and then asking your fellow citizens to pay enormous taxes indirectly to support it.—*Rev. Albert Barnes.*

Whether you will hear or whether you will forbear, I shall not cease to remonstrate; and when I can do no more to reclaim you, I will sit down at your gate and cry Murder! Murder! MURDER! *Heman Humphrey, D. D.*

If men will engage in this destructive traffic, if they will stoop to degrade their reason and reap the wages of iniquity, let them no longer have the law book as a pillow, nor quiet conscience by the opiate of a license.—*Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

SLIGHT CAUSES.

From the German of Zschokke.

BY J. D. M'PHERSON.

Concluded.

THE PRIME MINISTER.

The Crown Prince lived at Naples, in a stream of dissipation and pleasures. The letters he received from home spoke nothing but the excellent health of His Highness; the Duke, his father, and his willingness that the Prince should remain yet longer abroad to learn foreign manners, laws and customs. The Prince was pleased with this parental kindness; and availed himself of it, although his studies were directed less to customs, laws, and manners, than to fetes and operas. In fact, the young man, who, with a good deal of levity, possessed an excellent heart, had never received any correct account of his father's health. He was beset and betrayed by his own attendants, who, being in the pay of his enemy, suppressed many letters and played a game which could not but turn out ill for the players themselves.

As I do not profess to be writing a history of State and Court intrigues, I will pass over the details of an affair which is not yet fully explained, and only say that Roderick arrived in Naples, almost ill with haste and fatigue. Those who surrounded the Prince, had received no intelligence of the events which had happened at home, and saw the arrival of their countryman without suspicion; but on the second day they began to perceive the effects of his visit.

Roderick sought the Prince with a letter from the hand of his father, disclosed the intrigue which had deceived the Duke and the Prince, respecting their mutual views, and exposed the means by which the conspirators desired to detain the Crown Prince as long as possible from home, and, in time, to strip him of all his rights.

Xaver's resolutions were quickly taken. His people were seized and their papers examined.—Roderick showed himself active. Eight days were sufficient to bring to light all they wished to know, to punish the guilty, to acquit the innocent, to put them on their way home.

Sitting in the carriage together, the Prince first found opportunity to thank Roderick heartily. He had heretofore been in a kind of stupefaction. He seized Roderick's hand and said, "How much do I owe to your fidelity and prudence! Honor, throne; perhaps life itself!"

Roderick courteously struggled for a moment against his expressions of gratitude and then added, smiling, "I am but too proud, Your Grace, to have paid on this occasion an old debt. You do not know me. It was by your assistance that I acquired my education."

"Who? What? I?"

"Do you not remember a certain earthquake, while you were in the garrison at—?"

"What? I cannot believe it. You?"

"Exactly. I am the baker's boy of the earthquake?"

"And the girl—what was her name?"

"Has married an honest weaver."

"Good. And how in the world came you at court and in the confidence, too, of my father?"

"Why did you not write? Tell me all about it."

Roderick told the whole story from the earthquake to the reticule—only he left out the chapter about the beggar family. Princes must not know every thing.

Our travellers had hardly reached the German frontier, when they heard of the Duke's death. He had died of apoplexy at supper.

The new Duke, Xaver, wept bitterly over this intelligence, then clasped Roderick in his arms and said, "You must not desert me. Be my adviser, my friend. Support me in the station you have secured for me by your wisdom and fidelity."

THE PINCH OF SNUFF.

That the new Duke made great changes in his court—that he was very gracious even towards those who had conspired against him, is a matter of history, as that he gave his friend Roderick, with the rank of Count, the post-office of Prime Minister; but it may become me to state that the Countess Wilhelmine was in the deepest grief, by the death of her father, from which she was roused only by the return of Roderick. She lived mostly upon her estates, for the new Duke invited her there very often, but scarcely often enough to satisfy his longing.

"My dear Count," said the Duke to him one day, "one cannot serve two masters. I notice that you are very often absent."

The Minister became very red in the face.

"You see the Countess very often. The Countess knows how busy you are. Why does she not come to the Residence?"

The Minister coughed.

"I must put an end to this, and close your romance with a wedding, as is customary. You love the Countess?"

The Minister stammered, "Your Highness, it

is an old and pleasant acquaintance. I love her—surely—as a brother does a sister."

"And if I should command you to marry the pretty Countess—I would be the happiest of men—but the Countess—?"

"Good, good," said the Duke, "I have long been in fault towards the Countess. I am sorry she avoids the court. Perhaps because I have so little company; she deems me not so well disposed towards her as I really am. We will speak of this again."

On the following day, when the Minister went to the Duke, the latter opened hastily a kind of cabinet door covered with paper, and cried, "Quick! jump in here. The Countess is coming. I'll take her to task and make her confess. You shall hear it all and decide for yourself."

The Minister would have protested, but he was already in the cabinet; and the Countess entered the room.

After a few common places, the Duke began to complain bitterly of his Minister's negligence and frequent absence, and begged the Countess to give him a hint about it. The Countess joined in the jest without betraying any embarrassment.

The Duke continued, "But one thing more pretty Countess. In the papers of my father, among other things, I find a bequest respecting you. He commissions me to exercise towards you, not only the care of a brother, but the rights of a parent, and to provide you a husband."

Wilhelmine cast down her eyes. She could not answer.

"And by virtue of this authority I ask you now. Has your heart yet made its choice?"

The Countess was silent. Roderick, behind the door, picked his ears. His heart beat strongly. "Ah!" thought he, "whose name will she utter?" He listened for his own. But while his Excellency, the Prime Minister was leaning his ear against the paper door, his nose came in contact with an overcoat of the Duke, which hung there. Now, though the Duke was a mighty snuffer, his Prime Minister was guiltless of the habit; and it was very unfortunate for the latter that a few grains of powder found their way at this anxious moment to his unsophisticated organs. The State of his listening Excellency must be imagined.

The Duke, who knew nothing of his friend's situation, in the mean time pursued the dialogue and asked the Countess, since it seemed her heart was free, whether she would permit him to bestow her hand on a noble and excellent man, whom it would bind to his interest.

The Countess now was as deeply embarrassed with her heart, as the Count in the closet was with his nose.

"I would for an example," continued the Duke, "name my friend, the Count Roderick."

The Countess blushed deeply, but made no answer.

"How?" said the Duke, "you are angry—you hate him?"

"By no means," replied the Countess, "I esteem him."

"Perhaps as a brother," rejoined the Duke, laughing. "And how, if he was at your feet, begging for your hand, and I should join my prayers to his?"

Roderick leaned again his head against the door and again a huge pinch of snuff mounted into his nostrils. There was no resisting; he retained his command of himself long enough to hear Wilhelmine begin: "Believe me, your Highness, the Count will never do so—he does not think, he has never thought of such a thing."

But the titillation became too strong, and the first burst sent the Minister's head through the paper door.

The earthquake of old did not startle the Duke more than this sudden explosion, and Wilhelmine was not less astonished by the sudden appearance of the head.

The Minister in this situation, sneezed six times thro' the door, and closed with a sigh. "Ah! I shall die!"

The Prince ran, laughing, to release his Minister. The latter answered his merriment only by saying, "Your Highness sees that intrigues don't suit me. Your coat has spoilt the whole plot, and I must now do the best I can." And thereupon he fell at the feet of his beautiful sister, who was so overcome with laughing, that she could not find breath to say, "No."

WHAT IS WASHINGTONIANISM.—Last Sabbath evening, a large audience assembled at Washingtonian Hall, Boston, although the weather was very stormy and the walking extremely dangerous. Excellent addresses were made by Messrs. Baxter, Porter, Turner, and others. Mr. Turner's remarks were explanatory of the doctrines and principles of Washingtonianism—what it designs and effects were, &c. When George P. Parker, Esq., being called upon to address the meeting, gave the following most excellent illustration of what he considered Washingtonianism to be. "Soon after I signed the pledge," said he, "I resided in a town a few miles from Boston, and being often thrown into the society of gentlemen who made a too free use of the bottle. I felt myself bound to give them a good talking to, occasionally, and sometimes I would boast of what Temperance had done for me and others, and I brought up the cases of some very hard drinkers who had been reformed by signing the pledge. One day, while in the act of lecturing to one of these gentlemen, he remarked, that with all my blarney about the power of the Pledge, Moral Suasion, &c., he believed there was one man in town that I could not reform with all the suasion and pledges in the world. I asked him who it was, he replied, 'old Joe, the woodsawyer.' I asked him what would he give to Joe to help him along, provided I would coax him to sign the pledge. He answered that he would give him a barrel of flour. Done, said I, and off I started in quest of Joe. I soon found him in a bye-street bus-

ily engaged in sawing a load of wood, but somehow or another, the old saw seemed to be in a bad fix, it worked as though it was crooked and terrible dull, for the old fellow would draw it three or four times and then stop, puff and blow like a porpoise in a gale of wind. I walked up to him, and accosting him in a very friendly and familiar way, said, 'Good morning, Joe, what's the matter with your saw, it don't seem to run easy to-day?' And taking the saw out of his hand, I placed it lengthwise before my right eye, and gave it a sort of professional squint, just as though I was used to such things. In the meantime, old Joe was staring at me in the greatest astonishment, he didn't know what to make of it. A gentleman of my cloth to condescend to be familiar with such a poor, rugged old chap as he was! Why he had never seen such a thing before in all his born days, no wonder that he was bewildered. However, I kept looking at the saw with a great deal of attention, for a minute or two, and then asked him what it was that made the saw so crooked.

"Well," said he, "I don't know, unless it's because it ain't straight. Confound the old thing, I wish it would go without me; to tell you the truth, it don't go now as it used to go ten years ago." "And don't you know the reason that it don't go so well, Joe?" "No, I don't, do you?" "I think I do; and now I want you to answer me one question, Joe, how many glasses did you drink this morning before breakfast?"

"Well, let me see, (counting his fingers) one, two, three, four, five, six—six glasses, six I believe." "Well, Joe, that explains the trouble with the saw; now let me advise you to quit drinking, and take my word for it, your saw will never work crooked again. When I drank six glasses before breakfast I used to walk crooked, but now I'm a teetotaler, I can walk as straight as a doctor's cane, and if you will only sign the pledge, your saw will walk straight too—come, what do you say?"

"Well, I don't know," said Joe, scratching his head with his file, "but it would be a good plan."

"Well, that's right Joe," said I. "You come to the Temperance meeting to-night, and you will have a chance to sign the pledge."

"Ah, said he, I can't go, there'll be genteel people there, and I ain't got no coat, and my shirt, as you see, ain't quite as white as the driven snow."

"Well, Joe," said I, "you shall have my coat, its rather large for you, but it is better than none, as I have got two or three more at home, I can spare one just as well as not."

Joe thanked me for my kindness, took the coat and promised to be at the meeting. He kept his word, and after the close of the services he came forward manfully and signed the pledge in the face of the whole audience. The next day a barrel of flour was sent to his house, according to my friend's agreement.

Some months afterward, Joe, hearing that I was about to leave the town, called upon me, and invited me to come and take tea with him. "I can't give you such good things as you are used to having," said he "but I'll give you the best I have." "That will be good enough," said I, "and you may depend upon my being there." Accordingly, at the time appointed I was at Joe's house; I was ushered into a neat room, furnished in a very nice but simple manner; chairs, tables, looking-glasses, &c. all whole, and looking very clean and tidy. The wife was well dressed, the children looked pretty, and old Joe seemed as though he had a serious intention of jumping out of his skin, he felt so happy.

We sat down to supper, and although I have had the good fortune, in my day, of sitting down to tables which have been covered with all the luxuries which wealth could procure, yet I never in all my life enjoyed a better feast than I did at old Joe's table on that occasion. After supper, Joe took me into the back room, where we were followed by the wife and children; he then closed the door, and taking me by the hand, exclaimed, while the big tears were rolling down his cheeks. "Mr. Parker, look at my wife, you see she looks smiling and happy, look at those little children, they are all well dressed and always have enough to eat, look at that barrel in the corner, that's full of flour, that other one is full of beef, that keg by the side of it is full of pork, and down cellar there is four cords of wood all sawed and split, to keep us warm during the winter; and, Mr. Parker, that old saw is as straight as a loon's leg, and cuts as smooth as sperm oil."

Now, this, Ladies and Gentlemen, is what I call Washingtonianism.

CHAPPED HANDS AND FACES CURED.—Persons wishing a very smooth skin should test my genuine Bay Rum and Spermatic Soap. I will guarantee that one bottle of the Bay Rum and one cake of the Soap will give to the face and hands a beautiful polish. For sale at **S. PARKER'S** Fancy and Perfumery Store, Pennsylvania avenue, between 9th and 10th sts., Where can be had a fresh supply of Rose Lip Salve and Paley's Cold Cream. dec 30—1f

WAR! WAR! WAR!!

THE WAR OF FOUR THOUSAND YEARS; Being a Connected History of the Various Efforts Made to Suppress the Vice of Intemperance in all Ages of the World; from the Foundation of the Class of Nazaries, by Moses, to the Institution of the Order of the Sons of Temperance, inclusive; with a Full Account of the Origin, Progress, and Present Prospects of the Latter Institution. By P. S. White & H. R. Pleasants. Philadelphia: Griffin and Simon, 114 North Third-street. 1846.

Contents.—Book I, Chapter I, Division of the Work; Chapter II, Wines of Antiquity; Chapter III, Wine an Agricultural Product; Chapter IV, Wine, when spoken of as a Blessing in the Old Testament; Chapter V, Wine, when spoken of as a Blessing in the New Testament; Chapter VI, Wine Denounced as a Curse in the Old Testament; Chapter VII, Wine Denounced in the New Testament; Book II, Chapter I, Temperance among the Heathens; Chapter II, Rome; Book III, Chapter I, Imperial Rome; Chapter II, Transalpine Nations; Chapter III, The Discovery of Alcohol; Chapter IV, Ardent Spirits; Chapter V, Intemperance in Connection with the Church; Chapter VI, Efforts to Suppress Intemperance from the Apostles to the year 1800; Book IV, Chapter I, Origin and Progress of Temperance Societies down to the year 1833; Chapter II, From 1833 to the end of 1834; Chapter III, Includes the Years 1835 and 1836; Chapter IV, Includes 1837 and 1838; Chapter V, Includes 1839; Chapter VI, The Washingtonian Movement; Chapter VII, Sons of Temperance, Conclusion; Appendix, No. 1, Extracts from Columella; Appendix, No. 2, Noah's Letter, &c.

We cordially recommend the above work to the temperance public.

The agent, Mr. West, is now in the city with a copy of the work, for the purpose of procuring subscribers. Subscriptions received at this office.

Important to Gentlemen.

EDWARD McCUBBIN has handsomely fitted up the three-story house recently erected on the site of his former stand, where he will be happy to resume his business as a barber and hair dresser. He very respectfully invites a return of his old and esteemed customers, and solicits the patronage of the public generally to the Temple of Reason, No. 1, on 5th street, near Pennsylvania avenue. With the most competent assistants, and every description of materials that can render his operations a luxury, instead of a dull, sleepy process, he flatters himself that to him will be accorded the credit of keeping pace with the times in all that has a tendency to add to the comfort and improve the appearance of the outer man.

Not only in the face has Nature made its comeliness and beauty to abound, But in the scissors' edge and razor's blade The aids to loveliness are ever found. nov 4—1f

WEEKLY NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

This paper, being made up of such portions of the contents of the National Intelligencer paper as can be compressed within the compass of a single newspaper, continues to be issued and mailed to subscribers every Saturday at Two Dollars a year, payable in advance in all cases—no account being opened with subscribers to the weekly paper.

To bring this paper yet more nearly within the reach of such as desire to take by the year a cheap paper from the seat of the General Government, a reduction will be made in the price of it, while a number of copies are ordered and paid for by any one person or association at the following rates:

For Ten Dollars six copies will be sent, about For Twenty Dollars thirteen copies; and For each sum of Ten Dollars, above Twenty, eight copies will be forwarded; so that a remittance of Fifty dollars will command thirty-seven copies.

Publishers of papers throughout the several States and Territories who will give a single insertion to this advertisement (with this note annexed) and send one of their papers to this office with the advertisement marked therein, shall receive the Weekly National Intelligencer for one year free of charge.

EARTHENWARE, CHINA, AND GLASS.

THOMAS PURSELL has just imported, per ships Pacific and Hampden, from Liverpool and other sources, one hundred and thirteen packages of the above articles, of the newest style and from the best manufacturers, such as—

French and English china dinner, tea, and toilet Sets, or pieces detached

Canton china, pearl, white, blue, stone china and blue printed, and figured Plates

Dishes, Bowls, Vases, (a great variety)

In a word, his very extensive Stock embraces almost every article usually kept in such establishments.

Dixon's English Britannia Tea and Coffee Sets, and plated Castors

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Castors, Lamps, Candlesticks, Mugs, covered Pitchers, Table and tea Spoons, Covered Urns and Briggins, &c.

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Decanters, Fruit Baskets, Dishes, Lamps, &c. A large assortment of common Ware, suitable for retailing. All of which will be sold, wholesale and retail, as cheap as the very cheapest.

English Pipes in boxes

First quality Stone Ware at the factory prices. As the subscriber is determined to reduce his heavy stock of Goods he intends to sell low, and solicits a call from his friends and the public generally at his store opposite Brown's Hotel, Pennsylvania avenue. **THOMAS PURSELL,** Nov. 18—2m